

MILMINE & CLARK.

BICYCLE REPAIRERS

208 SO 11 TH.

Acute and chronic cases treated with assurance of success. Languid tires restored to health and vigor. Tires blown up without pain. Wind free. We understand the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of wheels and give homoeopathic or allopathic treatment as individual cases require. Sure cure guaranteed. Testimonials: My wheel had three ribs fractured and you cured it in one treatment. "My tires were suffering with a case of acute aneurism which had been pronounced fatal by other bicycle doctors, but you cured the disorder and I did not lose a day of my tour." "I was troubled with varicose tires, involving frequent ruptures and incontinence of wind. You cured me." "Thousands of testimonials like the above sent on application."

BICYCLES FOR RENT.

THE BOYS

WHO LIKE GOOD EATING

ALL GO TO

FRANCIS BROS. 1418 O STREET

They get something
To eat
For their Money.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WHEELMEN.

COOPER'S ICE WAGONS

are the only ice wagons handling

GENUINE BLUE RIVER ICE.

Telephones 583 and 999

BLUE RIVER ICE

can only be had from the wagons of

P. H. Cooper.



WHOLESALE and RETAIL
1338 O Street. Telephone 237
LINCOLN, NEB

AGENTS WANTED.

[Either Sex.]

By the Banker's Alliance of California. Combined life and accident insurance in the same policy or separate. Insures either sex.

S. J. DENNIS,
Room 4, 115 North Eleventh street.

Under new management

MERCHANTS' HOTEL
OMAHA, NEBR.

FAXTON, HULETT & DAVENPORT,
Proprietors.

Special attention to state trade, guest and commercial travelers. Farnam street electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city.

greatness of him after the last defeat. Well does Enobarbus call him an old lion dying. When they tell him that the queen is dead, all the simple manliness in him comes out. "The long day's toil, is done and we must sleep." When the ruse is confessed he is not angry, he is beyond all that now. The key note of the whole tragedy, the grand motif rounds once again. He does what he has always done. He has always gone back to her, after every wrong, after every treachery. He has left kingdoms and principalities to go to her, thrown away half the world to seek her, and now of his old captain, he asks one last favor, that they carry him to her now that he cannot go himself anymore, and he goes, for the last time.

That last meeting, that awful scene in which Antony, bleeding and dying, is dragged up to the sides of the monument, Miss Lewis, omits. Possibly because it is almost impossible to represent it on the stage, possibly because the play is long and something must be cut to give time to the barefoot ballet. At any rate to cut it is to divest the play of half its greatness. For the "moral" of the play, if there be one, is in the last line that Antony speaks before the mists cloud over him and he begins to wander back to the old days of empire and delight.

"One word, sweet queen.

Of Caesar your honor with your safety."

That he should have lived for her and died for her, lost the world for her and yet should have had to say that at the end! There is a tragedy for you, in its darkest melancholy. The tragedy of all such love and such relations, of everything on earth that hides shame at its heart, that is without honor and absolute respect. All the hundreds of French novels that have been written upon the *union libre* have told us nothing new about it after that. That one line has in it all the doubt and dark tragedy of the whole thing. We Anglo-Saxons have no need of a "Sapho" or of the numerous and monotonous works of M. Paul Bourget. That story has all been written for us once as it never can be again, by a master whose like no one world can bear twice, whose ashes one planet can carry but once in its bosom.

Joseph Hoffman, the young pianist, is to travel this season. Some musical critic has beautifully said of him that though the prodigy is gone the wonder is still there. Young Mr. Hoffman is to be congratulated that the wonder is still within him, but he is to be doubly congratulated upon the demise of the prodigy. As long as he was a prodigy he could never be an artist, indeed not a musician even. There have been certain great men, Mozart and Paganini chief among them, who have been able to live down the fact that they once were prodigies, but they had to be great indeed to do it. It may not really hurt a child to be a prodigy, but it hurts him very much to be told so. There is no more pitiful sight on earth than a passe prodigy whose life is outgrowing his art, who still wears yellow curls about a face that is no longer childish and tries to disguise the lengthiness of his growing limbs by stockings and knee breeches.

But in music the prodigy is more hopeful than on the stage. The boy who is the coming Booth at ten is generally property man at thirty. What becomes of them all anyway, those advanced young people who have brilliant careers from eight to twelve and then are heard of no more, Wallie Eddinger, Elsie Leslie Lyde and all the rest of them? Nothing great, so far as I can learn. They go too soon into an artificial atmosphere, an atmosphere where there is no time for silence and reflection and in which study is unknown. It kills them, that is, figuratively. For the boy who plays the Roman populace, helps the property man, does a song and dance and has big dreams there is hope, but I doubt if the tragic muse herself could make an actor out of the infant who is starred before he is in long trousers. So long as a child does only children's roles he is enduring, but when a child recites Hamlet, Lear and the much abused Richard III, it is the torture of the Spanish Inquisition to hear him. It is simply terrible to hear a child who ought to be reading fairy tales or sound asleep in his bed, mouthing the most perfect poetry in the world and cheerfully chirping with the wrong inflections words that represent the governing forces and impulses of the world. Its sacrilege to childhood and its blasphemy to art. As Helen Von Doenhoff once said to me: "Art does not come at sixteen." No, verily, it does not, and those who have touched even the hem of its garment by the time they are twenty-six are blessed by God. Why, everything that a child creates is laughable, beautiful, only because of its naive imperfections. All childish creations lack anything beyond promise and mild merit, from the school boy verses of Byron to those peaceable little sonatas of the baby Beethoven. Thank heaven Shakespeare's earliest productions are not extant, he knew enough to burn them. The very things out of which an artist is made do not come to a man before he is twenty. While other boys are growing to be men he grows to be a creator. An artist is a child always, but a child is not always an artist.

Triblby's headache tablets. Just the thing to counteract the evil effect of over indulgence of tobacco, alcohol or other excesses. At Riggs' Pharmacy cor 12th and O Sts.

VOELKER

is the only manufacturer of furs in Lincoln, and his store is the only place where you can see a first class and complete stock of

FURS

There is a skilled furrier always in attendance. Examine his coats, capes, muffs, neck scarfs, etc. The best material and finest workmanship. Fur trimmings, and all kinds of repairing.

140 S. 12TH

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER CHATTEL MORTGAGE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 9th day of April, 1895, and duly filed in the office of the county clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 2nd day of September, 1895, and executed by L. P. Gould to M. L. Thomas to secure the payment of the sum of \$27.70 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$27.70. Default having been made in the payment of said sum and no suit or other proceeding at law having been instituted to recover said debt or any part thereof, therefore I will sell the property therein described to-wit:

One heavy ash book case, twenty-four law text books, one black walnut office desk, one cloth covered table, five cane bottomed high backed chairs, one brass hanging lamp, five iron cuspidors, at public auction at 1127 O street in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 8th day of November 1895, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

M. L. THOMAS, Mortgagee.
By C. S. RAINBOLDT, His Attorney.

C O U P O N

Every purchaser of \$1 worth of goods will receive a coupon worth 10 cts. to apply on future purchase. 5c coupon with 50c RIGGS PHARMACY 12 & O

C O U P O N

There is a large family of us, and the number is being increased rapidly. The people of Nebraska are divided into two classes, those who take

THE COURIER

and those who do not. The former constitute the family.

You can get in by paying two dollars per year.

Watch for the name

LINCOLN ICE CO.

They have no pond ice. 1040 O street

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
PREMIUM PALE BEER

Delivered

AT \$1.00 PER DOZEN

IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.

H. WOLTEMADE

PHONE 137. 117 N. 9TH STREET.



\$5 TO CALIFORNIA

Is our Sleeping Car Rate on the Phillips-Buck Island Tourist Excursions from Council Bluffs Omaha or Lincoln to Los Angeles or San Francisco via the Scenic Route and Ogden. Our leaves Des Moines every Friday, and sleeping car rate from there is \$5.50.

You have through sleeper, and the Phillips' management has a special agent accompany the excursion each week, and you will save money and have excellent accomodation, as the cars have upholstered spring seats, are Pullman build, and appointments perfect.

Address for full particulars,
JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A. Chicago.

CHAS. KENNEDY, Gen. W. Pass. A.
C. A. RUTHERFORD, G. P. & T. A.
1045 O St. Cor. 11th, Lincoln, Neb

When wanting a clean, easy shave or an artistic hair-cut, try

S. F. WESTERFIELD

THE POPULAR TONSORIAL ARTIST,

who has an elegant barber shop with oak chairs, etc., called "The Annex" at 117 North Thirteenth street, south of Lansing theatre.

WE HAS ALSO VERY NEAT BATH ROOMS.